

Akala - Yeah Yeah Yeah Lyrics

There's a lot of talk, who flow the meanest,
Work it out = it don't talk agenius,
I spit my thesis talkin' ceases,
Rappers act sick and I got the treatment,
Expose actors, similar to a derringer,
Your wack tracks ain't got skills,
Add to that the fact thst your not real,
Talk bout gats, say make caps peel,
But they fake raps - you get slapped in ya grill,
Stop lyin' to buyers, I'm tight as pliers with the science, hahuh,
The ruffest rhyming, tough as diamonds, fuckin'
Blindin,
You must be high as kites',
Figure you can fuck with the nicest,
I'm off the scale, like hampstead house prices,
So hot, the sun seem cold,
So hot, the flow boil liquid nitro,
What hearin'- the best thing since bread slice,
Nigga with charisma, that woulk turn a dike,
That's why I've had more blows than opponents

[Chorus:]

If he talkin' like he's hard,
Don't believe him, pull his cards
Tell him... yeah, yeah, yeah...
And if your boss is talking shit,
And you really wanna quit,
Tell him... yeah, yeah, yeah...
Anybody, anywhere,
Chatton rubbish in ya ear,
Tell him... yeah, yeah, yeah... yeah, yeah,
Yeah, yeah... '

They say I think I'm the best, I'm far too
Arrogant,
I ain't the best = I'm beyond comparison,
Think ya good, but yaa not,
Couldn't get close to me inside aphone box,
Why spit? your whips and your porky-pie'ing,
Plus your whips and your clips is fiction,
That much of a killer?
Why you lyin'? itthink your porky-pie'ing,
If ya had dough, you should own shit,
Not buy it - I think your porky-pie'ing,
Tryna' be g when your soft as peewee,
That greezy talk see through to stevie,
I mean it believe me, to me it's easy,

You find it hard, i can hear from your cd,
I'm the best, can't put it more simple,
Plus pretty thug, women love the dimples,
I been had gyal, like saddan or bin laden,
I'm kinda like a pimp, but no mink dragging,
A killer's nightmare- like ya ting jamming,
A skinny little nigga with the heart of a dragon,
Unstoppavle, mission impossible,
Logical, I'm the one- ask the oracle,
Legend like christ and the 12 apostiles,
Got more lines than whitney's nostrils,

[Chorus]

If you a baller cool, rap about,
But there's no puffs in england
So shut ya mouth.
It amazes me, these rappers are so dumb,
Get they advance and think they trump,
See I spit like guns, tongues speed of a chopper,
I don't really care, you're a shotter,
You't dem a blow ya brain out,
Cause ya got ya chain out,
So what real good is a name now?
Watch no face, trust me father,
Young. never bumb. that's not akala.
The don daddda, dun flow badda,
Walk tall as a ladder, and italk with sawagger,
Everything I do, pietry in motion,
Deep, like apuddle to me is the ocean,
Cause convulsions, like voodoo potions,
Ramp with the sultan, I find that insulting,
That's a nova, racing a ferrari,
Your little click, takin' on the army,
Be a legend when I die, like iwas bob marley,
Marcus garvey or muhammed ali,
Cause I drap knowledge, like oxford scholars,
So what real good is a name now?
Watch no face, trust me father,
Young, never dumb, that's not akala,
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Marcus garvey or muhammed ali,
Not bad, considering I didn't finish college,
I'm here now, your noise is void,

All you so called ' hot boys ' paranoid,
No paragraphs parallel, this is paradise,
I'm a paragon, leave you parasites paralysed,
My parables parachute here to paraguay,
It's paramount you don't fuch with I,
The flow kicker, go - getter,
Show ripper, pro- spitter, narural- born winner,
Sicher than liquor in livers,
Illa then jack - the- ripper killers,
Give riddim's bigas a gorilla nigga,
These bitter nigga's bicker,
But I'm bigger than that.
I'm tryna' fold figures, big as ' jigga' n' that...
I'm focused maaan...

[Chorus]